

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

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"ENGLAND TOUGH AND TRUE"

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PRIZE LIST, JULY, 1883.*

Mrs Ellicott graciously distributed the Awards.

MEMORIAL PRIZES.

The Charles Lucas Silver Medal (from a design by T. Woolner, R.A.).—In memory of Charles Lucas (Student, Professor, Conductor, and Principal). For the Composition of a Madrigal in five parts. Awarded to F. Kilvington Hattersley. (Examiners: F. E. Gladstone, Mus. D., Cantab., H. Lahee, and Sir G. J. Elvey, Mus. D., Oxon.—chairman.)

The Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal.—In memory of Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa (endowed by Carl Rosa, Esq.). For the Singing of Pieces selected by the Committee. Awarded to Musgrove Tufnail. (Examiners: L. Arditi, E. Bevigiani, and R. Hilton—chairman.)

The Sterndale Bennett Prize (purse of Ten Guineas).—In memory of Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, M.A., Mus. D., D.C.L. (Student, Professor, and Principal). For the Playing of a Piano-forte Composition by Sir William Sterndale Bennett, selected by the Committee. Awarded to Frances C. Smith. (Examiners: W. Dorrell, John Jay, and Oliver May—chairman.)

The Llewellyn Thomas Gold Medal.—(Presented by Dr Llewellyn Thomas). For Declamatory English Singing, exemplified in Pieces chosen by the Committee. Awarded to Alexandra Ehrenberg. (Examiners: M. Maybrick, J. G. Patey, and Wilbye Cooper—chairman.)

The Evill Prize (purse of Ten Guineas).—(Presented by H. Evill, Esq.). For Declamatory English Singing, exemplified in Pieces chosen by the Committee. Awarded to Musgrove Tufnail. (Examiners: M. Maybrick, J. G. Patey, and Wilbye Cooper—chairman.)

The Heathcote Long Prize (purse of Ten Guineas).—(Presented by Heathcote Long, Esq.). For the Playing of a Piano-forte Piece selected by the Committee. Awarded to G. W. F. Crowther. (Examiners: W. Dorrell, John Jay, and Oliver May—chairman.)

The Santley Prize (purse of Ten Guineas).—(Presented by Charles Santley, Esq.). For Accompaniment and Transposition. Awarded to Alfred Izard. (Examiners: G. Li Calsi, J. Zerbini, and W. Ganz—chairman.)

The Bonamy Dobree Prize (purse of Ten Guineas).—(Presented by Bonamy Dobree, Esq.). For the Playing of a Violoncello Piece selected by the Committee. Awarded to James E. Hambleton. (Examiners: B. Albert, J. Lasserre, and E. Howell—chairman.)

ANNUAL PRIZES.

PRINCIPAL STUDIES.—FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

PIANO-FORTE.

The following pupils having received all the annual Awards, have satisfied the Examiners with their continued progress:—*Annie Cantelo*—Lady Goldsmid Scholar, 1882; Honorary Potter Exhibitioner, 1882; Sterndale Bennett Prizeholder, 1881; Bronze Medal, 1880; Silver Medal, 1881; Certificate of Merit, 1882. *Beatrice Davenport*—Lady Goldsmid Scholar, 1878; Additional Potter Exhibitioner, 1880; Santley Prizeholder, 1882; Bronze Medal, 1879; Silver Medal, 1880; Certificate of Merit, 1881. *Margaret Gyde*—Potter Exhibitioner, 1880; Lady Goldsmid Scholar, 1881; Thalberg Scholar, 1882; Bronze Medal, 1879; Silver Medal, 1880; Certificate of Merit, 1881.

Certificates of Merit (to pupils who have previously received Silver Medals, being the highest Award of the Academy).—*Alice Dyer*, *Kate Isaacson*, *Annie V. Mukle*, *Lilian Munster*, and *Frances C. Smith* (*Piano-forte*); *Charlotte Thudichum* (*Singing*).

Commendations.—*Blanche Cornish*, *Evelyn Green*, *Cecilia Lancelot*, *Emily Latter*, *Helen Pamphilon*, *Mary Bruce Sanderson*, and *Gwenleann Thomas* (*Piano-forte*).

Silver Medals (to pupils who have previously received Bronze Medals).—*Ada Iggulden*, *Eleanor Rees*, *Christian Alexander*, *Dora Bright*, *Jessie W. Buckland*, *Annie Daymond*, *Margaret Devey*, *Henrietta Gilder*, *Maria Pope*, *Eirene Pound*, and *Eva Thompson* (*Piano-forte*); *Rose Davenport* (*Harmony*); *Alexandra Ehrenberg* (*Singing*); *Mary Chetham* (*Violin*).

Commendations.—*M. Ethel Boyce*, *Jane Corbett*, *Alice Crang*, *Ethel Munster*, *Alice Robinson*, *Alice Samuelson*, and *Florence Tyers* (*Piano-forte*); *Christine Cross* and *Eva Thompson* (*Singing*); *Mary Hewitt* and *Colvina Waite* (*Violin*); *Florence Chaplin* (*Harp*).

Bronze Medals.—*Augusta Arnold*, *Alice Bocquet*, *Georgiana Booth*,

Hope Britain, *Marian Burton*, *Lilian Cookworthy*, *Annie Dweley*, *Sarah J. Eddison*, *Marie Etherington*, *Susanna Fenn*, *Frances Harrison*, *Margaret Hoare*, *Felicia Howard*, *Kate McKrill*, *Kate Winnifred Payne*, *Leonora Pople*, *Elizabeth Reynolds*, *Gertrude Rolls*, *Ada Rose*, *Janet F. Russell*, and *Helena Watkis* (*Singing*); *Ethel Bull*, *Charlotte R. Butler*, *Amelia Corper*, *Fanny E. Cox*, *Miriam Hampton*, *Amy E. Horrocks*, *Caroline Lockwood*, *Mary E. Pain*, *Dora Robinson*, *Eleanor Rix*, *Ethel C. Shaw*, *Ada R. Stephenson*, and *Edith L. Young* (*Piano-forte*); *Ethel Bull*, *Annie Cantelo*, *Fanny E. Cox*, *Beatrice Davenport*, *Kate McKrill*, and *Annie V. Mukle* (*Sight-Singing*); *Beatrice Davenport* and *Mary Gillington* (*Harmony*); *Annie T. Jones* (*Harp*); *Evelyn Green* (*Organ*).

Commendations.—*Bertha Ball*, *Nannie Craig*, *Christian G. Douglas*, *Susan Easterfield*, *Mary L. Evans*, *Julia Gould*, *Delia Harris*, *Adeline De Leuw*, *Helen Maclure*, *Edith Ray*, *Mary Thomas*, *Mary Warburton*, and *Beatrice Warren* (*Singing*); *Constance Bowditch*, *Florence Brown*, *Alice Harper*, *Clara James*, *Kate Mead*, *Kathleen O'Reilly*, *Mabel Scanlan*, *Jane Taylor*, *Lucy Theakstone*, *Dora Turner*, *Rhoda J. Watson*, *Maud Wilkins*, and *Elizabeth Yeatman* (*Piano-forte*); *Christian Alexander*, *Bertha Ball*, *Georgiana Booth*, *Edith Bishop*, *Ethel Boyce*, *Dora Bright*, *Jessie W. Buckland*, *Jane Corbett*, *Annie Daymond*, *Henrietta Gilder*, *Harriett Hann*, *Amy E. Horrocks*, *Nellie Knight*, *Cecilia Lancelot*, *Ethel Munster*, *Mary E. Pain*, *Grace Pinwill*, *Dora Robinson*, *Amy Shirley*, *Eva Thompson*, *Rhoda J. Watson*, and *Elizabeth Yeatman* (*Sight-Singing*); *Fanny E. Cox*, *Jane Corbett*, *Alice Dyer*, *Susanna Fenn*, *Evelyn Green*, *Margaret Gyde*, *Cecilia Lancelot*, *Kate McKrill*, *Annie V. Mukle*, *Ethel Munster*, *Lilian Munster*, *Frances C. Smith*, and *Eva Thompson* (*Sight-Reading and Transposing*); *Margaret Kitson*, *Clara Massingham*, and *Rose Ada* (*Harmony*); *Clara Titterton* (*Violin*); *Ida Audain* (*Harp*); *Rose Davenport* and *Alice Robinson* (*Organ*).

FIRST DIVISION.

Commendations.—*Dora Barnard*, *Beatrice Bishop*, *Marian Fitchett*, *Lilian Munster*, *Frances Powell*, *Elizabeth Sheridan*, and *Catherine Teniswood* (*Singing*); *Alice Campbell*, *Emily Chandler*, *Amy Conrad*, *Emma F. Harvey*, *Annie Hickman*, *Margaret Hughes*, *Minnie Richardson*, and *Beattie Taylor* (*Piano-forte*); *Isabel Girardot*, *Kate Warren*, and *Delia Woods* (*Violin*).

Books (Languages).—*Janet F. Russell* (*Italian*); *Amy E. Horrocks* (*French*); *Maud Wilkins* (*German*).

Commendations.—*Edith Peck* (*Italian*); *Katherine Skinner* (*French*).

MALE DEPARTMENT.

The following pupil having received all the annual Awards, has satisfied the Examiners with his continued progress:—*George John Bennett* (*Counterpoint, Harmony, and Composition*)—*Balfre Scholar*, 1878; Re-elected, 1879; Re-elected, 1880; Charles Lucas Medal, 1881; Bronze Medal, 1880; Silver Medal, 1881; Certificate of Merit, 1882.

Certificates of Merit.—*Edward G. Croager*, *George W. F. Crowther*, *Arthur W. Dace*, *Herbert Lake*, *Charles S. Macpherson*, *Septimus B. Webb*, and *Samuel S. Wiggins* (*Piano-forte*); *James E. Hambleton* and *William C. Hann* (*Violoncello*); *Rowland Briant* (*Organ*).

Silver Medals.—*Thomas B. Knott*, *Charles S. Macpherson*, and *Louis B. Prout* (*Harmony*); *Dyved Lewis*, *Musgrove Tufnail*, and *Lucas Williams* (*Singing*); *John Cullen*, *Ernest O. Kiver*, *Thomas B. Knott*, and *Charles F. Reddie* (*Piano-forte*); *William Richardson* and *Corelli Windeatt* (*Violin*); *Edwin Drewett* and *Arthur Lake* (*Organ*).

Commendations.—*Hulbert L. Fulkerson* and *Herbert Jay* (*Singing*); *Walter Mackway* and *Courteney Woods* (*Piano-forte*); *Prentice Chapman* and *German E. Jones* (*Violin*).

Bronze Medals.—*Percy Baker*, *Rowland Briant*, *Harry Dancy*, *F. Kilvington Hattersley*, *Alfred E. Izard*, *Herbert Lake*, *Richard Metcalf*, and *Charles Wilkes* (*Harmony*); *Joseph Barker*, *Charles Copland*, *Frederick Cundy*, *Vaughan Edwardes*, *John Henry*, *Vincent Morgan*, and *Arthur Thompson* (*Singing*); *George John Bennett*, *Harry Dancy*, *Albert H. Fox*, *Frank M. Gwyn*, *Horace W. Norton*, *Stephen R. Philpot*, and *Herbert Smith* (*Piano-forte*); *Lewis Hann*, *Harry Newton*, and *Edward O'Brien* (*Violin*); *Ernest Burton* (*Violoncello*); *Henry C. Tonking* and *Charles Wilkes* (*Organ*); *John Cullen*, *Ernest O. Kiver*, *William Richardson*, and *Septimus B. Webb* (*Sight-Singing*).

Commendations.—*German E. Jones* and *Ernest O. Kiver* (*Harmony*); *T. Fuller Allen*, *Arthur Grimshaw*, *Edward H. Hann*, *William E. Hellawell*, and *Walter Mackway* (*Singing*); *Thomas B. Dowling*, *George Kirkland*, *Alfred G. Macey*, *Oldfield S. Marshall*, *Harry J. Timothy*, *Edward J. K. Toms*, and *Edward R. West* (*Piano-forte*); *Thomas W. Blackey*, *Tom Frewin*, and *John Marriott* (*Violin*); *Osmond Anderton*, *Thomas W. Blackey*, *George W. F.*

* Pupils only who have been studying in the Academy throughout the Academical year are eligible for Prizes.

Crowther, Arthur Dace, Harry Dancey, Alfred Izard, Thomas B. Knott, Ernest Lazareck, Alfred G. Macey, Oldfield S. Marshall, William Morgan, Charles F. Reddie, Henry C. Tonking, and Louis B. Prout (*Sight-Singing*); George John Bennett, Rowland Briant, Edward G. Croager, Arthur Dace, Harry Dancey, Thomas B. Dowling, Lewis Haun, William C. Haun, Alfred E. Izard, German E. Jones, Ernest O. Kiver, Herbert Lake, Charles S. Macpherson, William Richardson, Henry C. Tonking, Septimus B. Webbe, and Charles Wilkes (*Sight-Reading and Transposing*).

FIRST DIVISION.

Commendations.—Gilbert Betjemann, Ernest Haywood, Edward P. Reynolds, and John Todd (*Pianoforte*); Walter Haun and Percy Woodgate (*Violin*).

Prize Violin Bow.—Made and presented to the Institution by Mr James Tubbs, of Wardour Street, for Violin Playing. Awarded to Joseph Moore.*

EXAMINERS.

Harmony.—H. C. Banister, F. W. Davenport, H. C. Lunn, E. Prout, B.A., Lond., C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal (chairman). *Singing*.—G. Benson, Mus. D., Cantab., F. R. Cox, A. D. Duviolier, Ettore Fiori, Gustave Garcia, Cav. P. Goldberg, Edwin Holland, Alberto Randegger, W. Shakespeare, F. Walker, and Manuel Garcia, M.D. Hon. (chairman). *First Division*.—F. R. Cox, Ettore Fiori, and the Principal (chairman). *Pianoforte*.—H. R. Evers, Eaton Faning, Walter Fitton, W. H. Holmes, Stephen Kemp, F. B. Jewson, Arthur O'Leary, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Frederick Westlake, and Walter Macfarren (chairman). *First Division*.—Sir Julius Benedict, H. R. Evers, and the Principal (chairman). *Orchestral Instruments*.—A. Burnett, W. Frye Parker, A. Pezze, the Principal, F. Ralph, and P. Sainton (chairman). *First Division*.—F. Ralph, P. Sainton, and the Principal (chairman). *Organ*.—J. Higgs, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., E. H. Turpin, and the Principal (chairman). *Sight-Singing, Sight-Reading, and Transposing*.—H. R. Evers and the Principal. *Languages*.—E. Aveling, Sc.D., Lond., A. Hartog, G. Weil, Ph.D., and F. De Asarta (chairman).

Westmorland Scholar.—Charlotte Thudichum. *Potter Exhibitioner*.—Annie Cantelo (Honorary Exhibitioner) and Lilian Munster (Exhibitioner). *Sterndale Bennett Scholar*.—G. W. F. Crowther. *Parepa-Rosa Scholar*.—Kate Winifred Payne. *Sir John Goss Scholar*.—Charles Wilkes. *Lady Goldsmid Scholar*.—Annie V. Mukle. *Bulfe Scholar*.—Charles Stuart Macpherson. *Thalberg Scholar*.—Margaret Gyde. *The Hine Gift*.—Septimus Webbe.

By Order,

JOHN GILL, Secretary.

AUBER AT HOME.†

He was a great deal at home, and preferred receiving visitors very early in the morning. He used to go to bed late and rise early; he told me more than once that he never slept longer than three hours, and that, as he found it irksome to lie awake, he got up and set to work. People have sometimes made remarks about his fits of somnolency at the theatre, and even at the Conservatory Examinations, but he was never quite asleep; it seemed as if his mind were awake, though his body, overcome by fatigue, yielded to slumber. A fair pupil would finish her air without the master's seeming to have heard anything of it, but, when signing the report relating to her, he would remark: "She made a muddle of her vocal exercises," or "Nice voice, but rather weak." It was seldom that he did not say something which proved he had been attending.

At home, Auber had always a pen in his hand or his fingers on the piano; he read very little, and his library was almost a nonentity. In his later years, when age had somewhat damped his ardour for work, he was not sorry if any one came and interrupted him, and he took a particular pleasure in female society. At four o'clock he went to the Bois de Boulogne, but for many years he did not take the reins himself, entrusting them to John, an English coachman, whom he had in his service more than thirty years. John was rather fond of drink, but drove very well even when he could not keep on his legs. On returning from the Bois, and getting out of the carriage in the courtyard, Auber never failed to pet his horses, passing his hand down their

back or over their chest. He asserted that they liked it, and that if he failed to do so they would not be satisfied.

On the occasion of a national *fête*, when the people had been shouting the "Marseillaise" all night long in the streets of Paris, old Sophy, his housekeeper, told him the next day that she had not closed her eyes, and that "she preferred even the noise that he often made." She alluded to the occasions when he composed on the piano at night. This appreciation of his powers tickled him extremely, and he was fond of relating it, always laughing heartily when he did so.

One day, he brought away a young plane-tree, then a mere shrub, from Mdme Cinti-Damoreau's, and planted it in his courtyard, No. 24, Rue Saint-Georges. Contrary to all expectation, it grew up and became a tree, which stood before his windows, and on which, directly there was a ray of sunshine, the sparrows came and told each other their waggish tricks. Auber was very proud of it, and related to me more than ten times the story of its origin. After the illustrious composer's death, and during one of my vacations, an architect, wishing to prove his zeal, had the tree cut down, to the great regret of the new proprietor, Dr Piogey, to whom I narrated its history.

Having referred to this gentleman, whose collections of pictures and fans enjoy a certain reputation, I may state that there is in his dining-room a handsome full-length portrait of Marie Roze, in the costume she wore for the *Premier Jour de Bonheur*. It is a somewhat curious fact that, after having without doubt passed through various hands, this portrait should have come and resumed its place in Auber's old house, which, by the way, has undergone no change for the last twelve years, except that it is painted more carefully than formerly, and that engravings have been replaced by pictures.

Auber had eight servants, but, for all that, he was not very well waited on. One evening, he invited several fair singers to dinner, and the repast was pronounced very good. Having risen from table, Auber sat down to the piano and accompanied the ladies in several pieces. One of the ladies was thirsty, and her host rang for a glass of sugar and water. But no one came: the housekeeper had gone to bed, the cook had done the same, the valet had gone out for a walk—in a word, no one responded to the summons. Auber was not in the least angry, but quietly said to us: "Let us go and have an ice at Tortoni's." From Tortoni's, Auber directed his steps to the Opera—the old house—where they were giving that evening the once annual ball of the artists belonging to the National Academy of Music. He was so thoroughly sprightly, that, though it was nearly one o'clock in the morning, one of his friends saw him go up the grand staircase two steps at a time. Not being able to believe his eyes, the friend darted after the illustrious composer, and, finding him in the saloon, expressed his combined surprise and admiration. "After midnight," replied Auber, "I always get back my legs of twenty."

J. B. WEKERLIN.

TWO MOONLIT EVES.*

When the pale moonlight gleamed o'er the sea And mid the foliage played, To a rustic seat, 'neath an old oak tree, Wandered a winsome maid; And her carol sweet arose on high, As though an angel throng Had oped the portals of the sky To chant their heavenly song.	By the ivied-wall a stranger passed, And he caught the accents clear; Where the leaf-clad boughs dark shadows cast He stood awhile to hear. Then he turned and fixed his eager gaze On the maiden young and fair: His heart was caught as in a maze By Cupid's golden snare.
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Long years have passed since that summer tide
And it's long-remembered eve,
But a maid no more, for a happy bride
Stands where the branches weave.
Two voices sing the love song now,
And they sweetly blend in one,
Together linked by solemn vow
With chords that Love has spun.

* Copyright.

EVA YOUNG.

* We should like some mo(o)re of "Joseph."—Dr Blidge.

† From *Le Ménestrel*.

The soprano, Theodorini, has declined an offer from the managers of the Italian Opera, Paris, in order to fulfil her engagement for the coming Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

(From a lady Irvingite.)

Such a term may, I think, be justly applied to the very remarkable demonstration that took place at the Lyceum on the night of Mr Henry Irving's benefit, Saturday, July 28, a demonstration due, not merely to the genius of the actor, but to the personal friendship, nay, I may add, the affectionate interest, Mr Irving has had the still happier art of inspiring as a man in his career—an interest gained, not merely by courteous manners and kindly heart, nor as Doricourt airily says, by the impalpable something "we feel but can't define," nor even to the scholarly learning and refinement that make Mr Irving so agreeable a member of society. Loyalty of friendship, the virtue of reliability, are all things that might be ignored by the thousands who compose a general public; but that a constant and unwavering endeavour to attain to the "highest" in art—"we needs must love the highest when we know it"—has been his creed, as well as to present the art he loves and reverences under its purest and noblest form no one, whatever the divergence of opinion on some points as to how such or such a character should be rendered, can deny. The public may now and then be misled or blinded for a moment by the meretricious glare of mere success. But mere success soon finds its level; Mr Irving's fame is built on the persistent efforts of years, and the respect these efforts have inspired. It is in no way detracting from the merits or claims of his predecessors that his due share of praise should be awarded him. It takes many workmen to build the temple, and if in his generation one of them does well and wisely, leaving an ever brightening path for the aspirants of coming years, who shall complain that to him also, who so richly deserves it, the palm should be with one consent awarded?

That such a sentiment animated the vast crowd that filled the Lyceum from floor to ceiling on Saturday last was evident. Fresh from seeing, the night before, the poetical and touching representation of *Charles I.*, a drama that for melody, rhythm, and harmony of construction will count as one of the best works of the Victorian Era, the persistent and sombre gloom of such an undeviatingly melancholy play as *Eugene Aram* strikes with a feeling of depression, and calls doubly on the powers of the actor. With what subtle art Mr Irving depicts the remorse of the soul-tortured and withal tender-hearted student, whose highly-strung and sensitive nature is harrowed up to the verge of madness by the shadow of a crime wreaked (as the tale is told here) on so vile an object, and under circumstances of such aggravation, that all the interest centres in the erring man who leads us with such fine gradations to the climax, need not be told; and it is with a sigh of relief we find the end reached as the red dawn breaks, and the passing away of a broken heart to forgiveness and eternal rest, is depicted. Such a tale would have been too harrowing—especially on the "eve" of starting for the far West—had the entertainment not come to an end with the merry jests and courtly graces of that perfect fine gentleman, Doricourt.

Between these two pieces so distinct in type, the actor's staunch friend, Toole, recited, with his usual fun, "Trying a Magistrate," and evoked roars of laughter. Young Herbert Reeves sang very expressively, with his sweet, if not powerful, voice, "Come e gentil," and "Tom Bowling;" while his ever young father gave, with wonted pathos and fire, "The death of Nelson," and, with touching sentiment, Balfe's "You'll remember me." All were cheered to the echo, and heralded in the roar which burst forth as Henry Irving, his face pale with an emotion he tried in vain to suppress, stepped forward alone, and addressed the audience thus:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have often had to say 'good-bye' to you on occasions like this, but never has the task been so difficult as it is to-night, for we are about to have a longer separation than we have ever had before. Soon an ocean will roll between us, and it will be a long, long time before we can hear your heart-stirring cheers again. It is some consolation though to think that we shall carry with us across the Atlantic the good wishes of many friends who are here to-night, as well as of many who are absent. Here—in this theatre—have we watched the growth of your great and generous sympathy with our work, which has been more than rewarded by the abundance of your regard; and you will believe me when I say I acutely feel this parting with those who have so steadily and staunchly supported me in my career. Not for myself

alone I speak, but on behalf of my comrades, and especially for Miss Ellen Terry. Her regret at parting with you is equal to mine. You will, I am sure, miss her—as she will certainly miss you. But we have our return to look forward to, and it will be a great pride to us to come back with the stamp of the favour and goodwill of the American people, which, believe me, we shall not fail to obtain.

"This theatre will not be closed long, for on the 1st September a lady will appear before you whose beauty and talent have made her the favourite of America, from Maine to California—Miss Mary Anderson, a lady to whom, I am sure, you will give the heartiest English welcome: that is a foregone conclusion. You will, I know, extend the same welcome to my friend Lawrence Barrett, the famous American actor, who will appear here in the early part of next year.

"The 2nd of next June will, I hope, see us home with you again. We shall have acted in America for six months, from October 29th to the 29th of the following April, during which time we shall have played in some forty cities. Before our departure we shall appear in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Liverpool, from whence we start upon our expedition.

"It is a delight to me, as it must have been to you, to have had my friend Sims Reeves here to-night, and I hope that the echo of the words so beautifully sung by him will linger in your memories, and that you will remember me; and it has also been a great delight to have had my old friend Toole and my young friend Herbert Reeves here to-night. At all times it is a happy thing to be surrounded by friends, and especially on such an occasion as this. And now, ladies and gentlemen, I must say 'Good-bye!' I can but hope that in our absence some of you will miss us; and I hope that when we return you will all be here, or some few of you at least, to welcome us back. From one and all to one and all, with full and grateful and hopeful hearts, I wish you lovingly and respectfully, 'Good-bye!'"

Mr Irving's address was interrupted by frequent bursts of applause and encouragement; it was as if friend were speaking to friend, bound together by a touch of nature that made the listening hundreds and the speaker, with his intellectual and sympathetic face, akin. Again and again he came forward and led the fair and fascinating lady, who has so ably seconded him, to the front. Then, the curtain rising disclosed the whole of the Lyceum company, and those true friends, Sims Reeves and Toole. As the strains of "Auld Lang Syne" broke on the ear, with an electric movement, the whole house rose. Hats, handkerchiefs, shawls were waived, calls made for all the favourites, and shouts of "Bravo!" "Good-bye!" rent the air, as the curtain fell on a scene of indescribable excitement. Then once more a general shout arose, and summoned Henry Irving alone, to receive yet once again the assurance that the public would

"Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as he hath meant,
The great travail so gladly spent—"

—but wish him "God speed" on his journey, *ventis fortunatis*, on sea and land, and a safe and happy return to one and all.

CARLEON.

F. Servais (son of the famous Belgian violoncellist) has completed his opera, *Le Fils d'Apollon*, which will be produced at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels.—A new operetta, *Le Panache Blanc*, music by Flon, will be produced next winter at the same theatre.

LEIPSIK (*Correspondence*).—The two streets running past the new Gewandhaus will be called respectively, the Beethoven Strasse and the Mozart Strasse. The façade of the building will be ornamented with statues of the above composers, while those of Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Schubert, will fill the niches in the sides. There is some talk, also, of erecting a Mendelssohn and perhaps a Schumann monument in the principal saloon, which is quite as large as that of the old Gewandhaus.—Professor Hermann Zopf, a writer on musical subjects, as well as composer and teacher, died here on the 12th ult. Since 1864, he was one of the editors of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. His two most popular works were a *Theorie der Oper*, and a *Stimmbildungslehre*, (*Theory of Opera*, and *Theory of the Formation of the Voice*), the latter of which was translated into several European languages.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 461.)

XVII.

Having reached this epoch in Cherubini's career, I would fain give an idea of the nature of his relations with the great artists who were his contemporaries, and, in connection therewith, group together a few facts which will be rendered still more interesting by the publication of a certain number of letters, some of which are extremely curious. Cherubini's residence in France extended over a space of more than half a century, since, having come to Paris in 1786, and permanently settled there the year following, he died there in 1842. A contemporary almost of the famous feud between the Gluckists and Piccinists, who might have known and mixed with his elders in the lists, Dalayrac and Grétry, and Monsigny, and Dézède, and Champein, and Gossec; having been the emulator and rival of all the famous musicians he saw spring up around him: Lesueur, Méhul, Berton, Boieldieu, Catel, and Nicolo; having witnessed the triumphs of Spontini (whom, in some small degree, he assisted), and the revolution effected by Rossini, he saw, also, the first successes of Meyerbeer, and beheld the rise of another race of artists, several of whom had been his pupils: Auber, Herold, Halévy, Adam, Grisar, Hippolyte, Monpon, Ambroise Thomas, Berlioz, Onslow, &c.* The reader may easily imagine how exceptionally interesting, even from a mere historical point of view, would be an exact and complete account of the intercourse Cherubini may have successively kept up, in the course of fifty-five years, with all these famous men, who were an honour to France, and who, deeply impressed with his immense worth, surrounded him with all the respect, and all the admiration his genius and his glory deserved. My ambition does not go so far, and the materials necessary for writing such an account would fail me. But, if I keep within narrower limits, the few notes which will form the matter of the present chapter, will not, I trust, be without a certain amount of interest.

When, at the instigation of his friend, Viotti, Cherubini resolved to settle in Paris, he came, we may say, into a fiery furnace. I do not pretend to speak here of the immense political movement then preparing and fated, while violently shaking the old world, to open up a new era, not for France alone, but for all humanity. Without in any way going out of our subject, and looking merely at the question of art, we may assert, with regard to music, that Paris had never witnessed so striking an innovation as that then in course of accomplishment. The heroic struggle sustained against each other by those two great men, Gluck and Piccini, had been fertile in results; the old operatic mould, broken by their two powerful hands, and subsequently crumbled up by Salieri and Sacchini, had made room for a new conception of lyrical drama, and the vigorous efforts of these four genius-gifted artists, striking the imagination of some magnificently-endowed young musicians, the Lesueurs, the Méhuls, and the Bertons, were destined even to go beyond the goal at first proposed, and, moreover, to eventuate in an unexpected reform and amplification of the comic operatic style. While the Théâtre Favart, the only musical theatre then existing with the Opera, was already beginning to be affected by the movement of the new ideas, the establishment of the Théâtre Feydeau was destined to accelerate and complete the movement as far as regarded French art, at the same time that the admirable Italian company attached to that theatre were about to teach our singers the means of charming and moving the public. During this time the Sacred Concerts, unconscious of their approaching end, flourished more than ever, and, though so soon to disappear, shone with radiant brilliancy and worked veritable prodigies. Soon afterwards, the grand festivals of the Revolution were to lend a particular impulse to musical art, and excite in an extraordinary degree the genius of our artists, called upon to compose hymns, cantatas, and patriotic scenes, the performance of which in the open air by powerful and grandiose masses of human beings, obliged composers to seek and discover

new effects of a previously unknown kind. Lastly, the creation of the Conservatory, organized at the very outset on a gigantic scale, was destined to complete, in its own sphere, this magnificent musical evolution, an evolution of such a nature, and so prodigious in its development, that France had never seen aught like it.

I was right, therefore, in saying that, in coming to Paris, Cherubini came to a fiery furnace. He had scarcely alighted, ere he flung himself resolutely into the fray, kept up the struggle against the most vigorous, and, speedily injured, shared in all the combats. We find him, successively or simultaneously, everywhere, and his fellows also were found with him on every road. It is thus that we see him at the Opera, at the Sacred Concerts, at the Théâtre Feydeau, at the grand open-air festivals, and at the Conservatory, that is to say, wherever there was danger to be encountered and glory to be won. Wherever music is heard, wherever art is honoured, wherever it needs valiant champions, and gallant defenders, we are always sure to see Cherubini rise up, and it causes no slight astonishment to behold a feeble foreigner, just arrived in a country so new to him, a young artist in the flower of his age, but always delicate in health, whose austerity and somewhat excessive rigidity, will subsequently procure him a special reputation, plunging thus into the midst of the stream, and displaying a vigour, an agility, a suppleness, mental and bodily, which many others might have envied.

But precisely because he was indefatigable, because he showed himself everywhere, because he was always found in the first rank, we can understand that he must rapidly have established relations with all his colleagues. The new-comer was calculated to astound them somewhat by his ardour in production, his eagerness for work, and the power of his genius, manifested even then with singular authority. But this very fact was calculated to command sympathy from the best among them. As, too, he did justice to all, discerned clearly the qualities characterizing each, and as his conduct was full both of rectitude and dignity, he soon made friends of all his colleagues, and found in his companions as many admirers.

The first two with whom he became intimate—and we may say that the affection uniting the three was quasi-fraternal—were Méhul and Berton. We have seen, in connection with *Médée*, a double trace of the sentiments uniting Méhul and Cherubini to each other. In terms full of nobleness, Cherubini dedicated his score to Méhul, a fact more worthy of remark because this dedication is the only one accompanying any of his dramatic works. On the other hand, and still in connection with *Médée*, we saw Méhul publicly undertaking, in a letter addressed to a paper, the defence of his friend, whom, in his eyes, the paper had wronged. Such facts are too rare not to be emphasized. Lastly, in the letters to his wife, which I have previously given, we have a proof of the tender and profound affection Cherubini bore to Méhul. The sentiments uniting him to Berton were equally intimate, and though no private document may allow me to establish the fact as plainly as in what regards the author of *Joseph*, I will at least quote a very interesting letter which, when occupying a high position at the Conservatory, Cherubini subsequently wrote to Berton. This letter will give an idea of the honest anxiety he felt in certain cases, and the reader will see what vigilant care he took of the interests of the young students confided to his charge. The letter is without date, or at least I have not the date:†

"MY DEAR BERTON,—Ferand has just come from you to ask me to let him have the cymbals, the big drum, and the triangles, for your overture, which is to be performed at the Institute on the day of the distribution of prizes. Will you allow me to make an observation with regard to this matter? It is this: I think it out of place to employ these instruments within the walls of the Institute, especially when the composition they have to accompany is by an Academician. I say nothing of the uproar, such a combination will produce, but I may remark that your overture will crush the cantata of the poor student who comes afterwards, and his feeble powers will not be able to struggle against it.

"I defend my pupil as I would yours under similar circumstances. Thus, my dear Berton, for all these reasons, I beg you to give up the notion of having the overture performed by military instruments.

* How many other artists, less famous, doubtless, but still, most of them, highly distinguished, may not Cherubini have jostled and known intimately in the course of his long career! It will be sufficient for me to mention the names of Jadin, Kreutzer, Bruni, Persuis, Devienne, Martini, Solié, Gaveaux, Della Maria, Lemoine, Frédéric Krenbér, Bianchi, Blangini, Boelias, Pradier, Plantade, Castrufo, Carafa, Gomis, Clapisson, &c.

† I am indebted to chance for coming across this letter where I should not have looked for it. Alexis Azevedo printed it in the singular publication he issued under the title of *Les Doubles-croches malades*, and said he took it from the collection of autographs belonging to M^{me} Dorus-Gras.

There is no scarcity of beautiful overtures of your composition, among which you might find a preferable one. I think you will feel the force of my argument and will kindly appreciate it. Ever yours,
"LOUIS CHERUBINI."

This is certainly the letter of an honest man and noble artist.
(To be continued.)

TESTIMONIAL TO MR MICHAEL MAYBRICK.

The members of the Regency Club presented, on Monday evening, July 30, a handsome and valuable testimonial to their Chairman of Committee, Mr M. Maybrick, in token of their high appreciation of services rendered to the club by that gentleman. Besides the interest naturally connected with the occasion, there was in the proceedings a rare sense of enjoyment that evidently sprang from the cordiality and reciprocity of kindly feeling existing between the members present and the officer they were bent upon honouring. Perhaps, however, the excellent dinner provided for the occasion by the courteous manager, Mr Preston, might have afforded some impetus to the unusual mirth of the company—for the spirits of Club-men are not altogether indifferent to the liberality of the caterer. Yet after all the dinner was but a fitting interlude in the pleasant business of the evening. Before the company was placed the testimonial, consisting of a chiming clock by Walker, a silver bowl, a pair of silver ornaments, and a massive yet elegantly formed cup, with a kindly worded inscription, which had to be transferred with speech and cheer from the subscribers to the honoured gentleman. In the act of presentation Dr Evan Jones, the chairman of the evening, recounted the various claims Mr Maybrick had to their consideration and esteem. In flowing and fervent diction the speaker enumerated the high qualities and rare merits of Mr Maybrick which were conspicuously shown in all that gentleman's relations to the club. As a member of the old Westminster Club he especially appreciated the good sense and chivalrous spirit which had actuated that gentleman in negotiations which happily terminated in the amalgamation of the Westminster with the Regency. Another claim on their gratitude Mr Maybrick had certainly established; for by judicious and untiring exertions in the capacity of Chairman of the Committee, an office which needed conciliation as well as energy, he had guided the club through difficulties inseparable perhaps from the early times of an establishment compounded of diverse, if not incongruous, materials. There was still another claim, the speaker contended, Mr Maybrick had undoubtedly substantiated; this was due to his unceasing activity in providing musical entertainment for the members of the club. The Regency had happily many musical men amongst them, professors of the vocal and instrumental art, who were never weary of affording delight to members not in that way so bountifully gifted. Mr Maybrick, besides engaging personally in his delightful art, had superintended the arrangements the carrying out of which had been such a source of pleasure. To acknowledge, however slightly, these claims, Dr Jones said was the purpose of the present meeting, and in the name of the subscribers he would beg to lay the "testimonial" before Mr Maybrick for acceptance. The honorary secretary of the club, Sir Edward Lee, who had taken such an active part in the demonstration, then transferred the articles described over to Mr Maybrick's keeping. The recipient in returning thanks made a manly and eloquent speech. Indeed, on listening to his spontaneous, yet highly polished sentences, one could not help thinking that Mr Maybrick would, had he so willed, have won for himself high distinction as an orator. Setting aside all idea of having claims on the Club for services rendered, he maintained that good will for the Club had prompted his humble efforts for its establishment on a permanent and solid foundation. To him, as to many others, this Club is a second home, where the exercise of his art is, like to the labours of professional brethren engaged in the "smoking concerts," entirely a work of love. The duties, he said, which fall on him as Chairman of Committee are, however, far more onerous, inasmuch as they concern the welfare and not the amusement of the Club. The judgments, formed by the body he represents, are not and should not pass without being challenged. But as the give and take principle must be observed in every well regulated home, he felt that there is in a club still greater need, not only of concurrence, but also of sympathetic consideration on the part of members towards those doing their best to regulate the establishment. That such a feeling exists he thought evident by the handsome testimonial presented to him that night, which he should ever prize as the spontaneous offering of men whose friendship he values most dearly. After a vote of thanks to the chair, proposed by Mr Philip Waterlow and responded to by Dr Evan Jones, the company separated.

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

STREET MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

"All things in their turn must change and seasons pass away," so sings the poet, and the London season proves it is coming to an end by the character of its musical atmosphere. A concert here and a concert there mark the termination of the greatest musical events, and you can tell that all the world is flocking to the seaside, for even the bands of music in the streets are deserting us, and except the organ pianos on wheels and the less melodious instruments that are carried by hand, silence already reigns in the squares, the quiet streets, and the broad roads. To many this will be received as a boon, although for my part I would sooner hear bad music than none at all. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and if the poet is correct "all discord is but harmony not understood." Still the discordant street noises distress many, but let the minority double bar their windows and live in that solitude where they tell us they are least alone. Even the street boy's whistle speaks to me of one who is at least happy, for he is not obliged to be musical; while the poor watercress girl may send a harmonious chord through the atmosphere, but it is a sad one, as it chronicles her poverty and her wants.

It does not follow that street music necessarily must be unharmonious, and I can remember when the flute organs were first introduced windows being more frequently opened to hear them, than closed to keep out the sound. Whether we shall ever have a public company to provide us with street music, I cannot say, although such a thing has been proposed; but it is just within the limits of possibility to expect in time that music may be laid on to our houses as is now our gas and water.* Twenty years ago I demonstrated that this achievement *might* be accomplished, and we are certainly every hour nearer approaching that happy condition. But the question now springing up is, what are we to listen to? The "old, old songs," according to the modern critics, will soon be no longer attractive. The beautiful melodies that charmed our forefathers, so they say, have lost their power to please, and they want new combinations of sounds that will not cloy the palate. I contend this is nothing but the most outrageous cant. Melody cannot tire or ever be despised, and as far as popular modern music is concerned we have a larger number of songs that are mere repetitions than actual novelties. The jig-tune altered in its time may become sacred, and the hymn, if modified, turned into a comic song.

What causes popularity in music? How is it that many grand compositions are never known to the many? The answer is that the people get their melodies from well-known musical centres, and usually the street-boy takes his lessons from the music-halls. A succession of popular songs holds possession of the town, and those that are warbled in the streets are most of them given either at some theatre or music-hall. It is a very curious fact that we have only a few popular favourites at one time—I speak of that popularity which clings to the streets. The songs that twelve months ago were being sung everywhere are now seldom heard, and ricketty declamations tire sooner than quieter melodies. The London street-organ, properly so called, generally has its barrels changed every month; but these do not indulge, as a rule, in music-hall songs. Selections from operas and pianoforte arrangements monopolise the better class. At the present moment you cannot traverse half a dozen streets without having dinned into your ears "Tiddy fol lol." What the words of this popular effusion are I cannot further say; but "Tiddy fol lol" is a refrain that excites the multitude wonderfully at this present time. Many of our most familiar songs are set to waltz tunes, and "My Queen" and "Dream Faces" seem to take the lead. It is sometimes months and sometimes years before a song regularly gets on to the pavement, but when it does you may consider its value as a selling composition is gone, unless it be some vulgar ditty that owes its popularity to the questionable character of its words. It is a very remarkable fact that there is hardly one comic song in a hundred that merits recalling from the wit infused into the words. They are usually composed of a telling tune with lines fitted to them, and in nine cases out of ten the tune is a "crib" from some old dance or some more modern sonata now thoroughly laid aside and forgotten.

A great deal might be written about the short-sightedness—or, more properly speaking, the dullness of ear—exhibited by many; how that some of our most celebrated ditties have been passed over, and owe their publication at length to some accidental circumstance; but this is a large subject going over a great deal of ground, and we suppose that to the end of time we must expect to find that many a bard, like the flower, is "born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Phosphor (of the "Brighton Guardian").

* May Jupiter forbid it.—Dr Bludge.

EPIGRAMS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GRILLPARZER.

I.

*Music, the eloquently wise,
May also be styled the dumb;
It can not dissect or botanise,
But it yields the universe' sum.*

II.

*Four little strings! Yet the realms of Art
And of Nature will answer their call?
Well, we have but a single human heart,
And that finds room for all.*

III.

*Impossibilities no one should reck;
That leads to dulness, or something worse;
If music ever learnt to speak,
It would be only second-rate verse.*

IV.

*You imagine Beethoven sends me to sleep,
Or that I find his waxlights tallow;
I only object to the epithet deep,
Especially from the lips of the shallow.*

V.

*You despise mere melody; yes, we know,
And we bow to your power;
That self-mortified creature, the fox, acted so,
When the grapes were too sour.*

VI.

*You, my friends of the German land,
All things most thoroughly understand,
You pierce through truth, both far and wide,
And come right out on the other side!*

VII.

*From day and night, from sunshine and shade,
The Lord of all life His worlds has made;
The day in its splendour has Poetry's might,
But Music is vast as the infinite night!*

ARCHER GURNEY.

To certain Wagnerites.

MR CARL ROSA is taking his holiday and enjoying the vigorous air and sea-bathing at Scheveringen, near the Hague (Holland).

AFTER leaving Montecatini, and before proceeding to Sant' Agata, Verdi made a week's stay in Florence, spending several hours a day in the Public Library.

THE Covent Garden Promenade Concerts begin to-night, under the direction of Mr W. F. Thomas, with Mr Carrodus as principal violin, and Mr Gwyllyn Crowe again as conductor. The arrangements are on the usual extensive scale, and the theatre is newly decorated, a Chinese pavilion, designed by Albert Calcott superseding the Spanish landscape of last season. The leading singers for the first concert are Mesdames Rose Hersee and Enriquez, Messrs Maybrick and Joseph Maas, the solo instrumentalists being Messrs Radcliff and Howard Reynolds (flute and cornet-à-pistons).

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The anniversary of Joachim Raff's death was duly observed on the 24th ult., at the Conservatory he formerly directed. A Memorial Concert was organized on the occasion, the programme consisting exclusively of works from his pen. His grave was decorated with flowers, and an address delivered by his successor, Professor Scholz.

WARSAW.—The benefit of Mdle de Reszke was a great triumph. She was enthusiastically applauded, presented with jewels, wreaths, and bouquets, and escorted home by her admirers, who afterwards serenaded her. Public enthusiasm was exalted to fever heat by the fact of her giving all the receipts of her engagement, thirty-five thousand roubles, to the poor of the town.

MARRIAGE.

On June 7th, at the Presbyterian Church, Richmond, Victoria, Mr ROBERT KENNEDY (of the well-known family of Scottish vocalists), to Miss BELLA, daughter of Mr ROBERT INGLIS, Lennox Street, Richmond, Victoria.

DEATH.

On July 26, JOSEPH WILLIAMS, of 24, Berners Street, Music publisher, in his 56th year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR SWALLOW.—By no means. Mdme Gassier habitually sang "Una voce poco fa" in G, a minor third higher than the original key; Mdme Angiolina Bosio sang it invariably in F; Mdme Adelina Patti, in former years, used to sing it sometimes in F, sometimes in E. Of late years she has rarely departed from Rossini's own key. On every other point Dr Swallow is woefully in error.

MELIOT OF LOGRIS.—You must not talk in the same breath of Wagner and his would-be imitators. They are at such an immeasurable distance from him that to measure it by thousands, nay millions, nay billions, of metaphorical leagues would not come near the point. They are like invisible parasites on the corpus of a Leviathan. Not less ridiculous is it to associate Liszt with Wagner—as some imaginary Wagnerites do.

POLKAW.—The hint about Thomas of Malory, though artfully devised, shall, nevertheless, bear fruit. On your return from foreign parts, the three volumes (treasures for all who are able to appreciate them) will be ready for your clutching. That clutch them you will, and right eagerly, may be accepted as a foregone conclusion. Why did not Wagner follow up his *Tristan* with *Lancelot*? It would have taxed his highest powers severely; but he would have accomplished it. *Hoch!* (Those who cannot go with Malory cannot go with Wagner. *Entre nous.*)

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1883.

Parsifal.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

PRELUDE.

SUBLIME pathos. Infinite compassion. These words may serve to express a sense of that which, fulfilling the Introduction, beats and breathes throughout the music of Wagner's last play.

Whether we see a dying swan, or a miserably suffering man, or a restless woman crying "Nur Ruhe will Ich," in music that might melt a stone—whether we are listening to the stout old Gurnemanz, to Amfortas, Kundry, or Parsifal, we are made conscious of a more or less veiled voice bitterly complaining of the fault of the world, yet full of pity for the world's anguish. When Amfortas, ere administering the Grail from which he alone can take no good, bewails his unworthiness and continued agony, that voice is dimly heard joining with his. But when the music has sunk so that men must go down on their knees, and communion begins, it is close and clear. Further on, when Parsifal rushes from Kundry's enticements, feeling the wound of Amfortas burning within his own breast—when he has given that terrible cry, "Erlöse, rette mich," the same voice returns. And when, a long time after, Parsifal, having wandered back to Montsalvat, gazes at the sacred spear he has recovered and kneels before it, the voice is heard once more with overpowering influence.

To all this the early part of the second act forms a contrast. Klingsor is a Satan, a fallen angel. So when Kundry, "laughing harshly," says "'Art thou chaste?'" he rages "So laughs now the Devil, to think that I once sought the holier life." His innate wickedness was unconquerable, and having renounced pure means, he would now win the Grail by main force. But just before the apparition of Kundry there comes a passage which must be quoted:—

Kun - dry

Der Meis - ter ruft: her - auf!

diminuendo sempre.

f (trem.) dim.

sf sf (Muted horns.)

Those two notes seem to summon her from the depths of eternity. If the foregoing scene strike a gloomy and strident discord, what immediately follows with bright witchery is in strong relief to the prevalent tone of the drama. With what a wonderful eye for symmetry has the master thus conceived the two sides of the great contrast. Coming from a man of his age, genius though he was, the "Zauber mädchen" chorus is hardly less astonishing than the fiery and fibrous harmonies accompanying the declamation of Klingsor. A matter for astonishment of a different kind is that competent critics should have found in *Parsifal* the work of a decayed intellect! Can they have really heard that heavenly chorus of boys' voices in the dome—"Wein und brod des letzten Mahles?" Can they have listened while the scenery moves in the third act to music whose mighty sounds crush slowly one upon the other, vaster and vaster, like a procession of enormous Western waves? Can the performance those critics witnessed have been so bad that they could not recognize *Parsifal* as one ceaseless melody? Some critics, too, find Gurnemanz tedious. After having, with rapt attention, heard Gurnemanz on six occasions, I am more than ever unable to agree with them. What he sings in the first act contains neither dull word nor dull note; and in the third he has the largest share of the "Good Friday charm." Comment is needless.

Another objection much insisted on by anti-Wagnerites lies in what are termed "Leit-motives." One critic calls it a mental task to follow these in *Parsifal*. What mental task is there in recognizing particular melodies as they occur in the music any more than in recognizing particular characters as they appear upon the stage?

In discussing Wagner's Leit-motives, and the way in which he employs them, it must be remembered that we are not in the

transcendental sphere of purely instrumental music. There they might be objected to with reason. What Wagner gives us is not absolute music, nor absolute poetry, but a marriage of the two in drama, where both are forced to obey the laws of dramatic construction, even at the sacrifice of the perfect freedom they would enjoy alone. I think that to Tennyson belongs the honour of having originated the "Leit-motive." We know with what impressive effect he uses it in the *Idylls of the King*. "Clad in white samyte, mystic, wonderful," is a fine example of Tennyson's "Leit-motive." So far from its being a mental task to follow them in *Parsifal*, the truth is, they are indispensable to the progress of the play. They help to make it homogeneous. Are they merely certain melodic figures repeated *ad nauseam*? No. The master changes them, joins them together, moulds them into an endless variety of forms.

Look at the following instance of the wonderful way in which a "Leit-motive" can be modified. This is how the *Parsifal* motive is first introduced, in the first act:—

PARSIFAL.

Ge - wiss! Im

Flu - ge treff'ict, was flight!

f p horns.

Here is the solemn and solitary sound which heralds the returning knight, weary with strife and many wanderings:

&c.

pp p



Finally it changes to glorious triumph when Parsifal is anointed King of the Grail:



INTERLUDE.

(By Telegraph.)

GRUSS AUS BAYREUTH.

Last performance very fine. House crammed. Enthusiasm at end tremendous. Malten, Gudehus, Reichmann, and Degele at their best.

POSTLUDE.

It is pleasant to go to a theatre out in the country—a theatre surrounded by green fields that glow, and pine-clad hills whose farthest range is mistily blue, in the quivering sunshine. It is pleasant to come out between the acts, after the excitement of Art, and breathe the pure, restoring air of Nature—to hear the birds in the trees, and the grasshoppers among the corn-flowers. And, when all is over, and the echoes of the music ring on in one's brain "with a sweet unrest," it is pleasant to walk back under a sky of stars.

So was it yesterday. Instead of the wet weather Bayreuth

has accustomed us to, we had the sun; instead of damp wind, a genial heat. One happy consequence of the previous rain was that the air was cool and the dust thoroughly laid; and the country around the theatre looked lovely. Thus did a propitious day finally crown the Wagner festival. From three to four o'clock in the afternoon crowds ascended the road leading to the theatre, and the theatre was crammed. This last performance would have been the best of the twelve, but for the actor who undertook the part of Gurnemanz. Scaria, who is so at home in the part, and whose conception and interpretation thereof betoken genius, was most dreadfully missed. It is a pity he could not play on this last occasion.

Malten was Kundry; Gudehus, Parsifal; Reichmann, Amfortas; Degele, Klingsor; and Fuchs, Titirel. These artists covered themselves with glory. Gudehus has been steadily and rapidly improving, and yesterday was seen to the greatest advantage. He has become much simpler in the third act than he originally was. His attitudes prove that he has studied the paintings of the old masters, and altogether his manner is more refined than that of Winkelmann, who, on the other hand, is preferable in the stronger, younger, and more boyish situations. For Malten I cannot find sufficient praise. Fine in the first act, she was splendid in the second, and in the third, where she only has two words to say, the perfection of her quiet, beautiful acting, made her seem finest. At the beginning of her part in the garden scene, her voice, here a little subdued, enveloped and penetrated into one's soul as with the rich tones of muted violoncellos; and the exquisite melodies could not have been delivered with more poetry. From the magically soft and clear G flat that announces her presence, until the end of the terrific scene where she curses Parsifal, words cannot describe the tenderness, passion, and intensity of dramatic power she evinced. It must be added that Gudehus worthily sustained his part.

The other artists, almost without exception, surpassed themselves. The voice of the unseen Titirel has how little, but how much to say! The music throughout was impressively given by Fuchs. Amfortas was, as usual, impersonated by Reichmann with an appropriate expression and earnest eloquence that deserve high praise. The character of Amfortas is perhaps the most sympathetic in the play. He is neither a demigod, like Parsifal, nor a demidevil, like Kundry, but a man merely, and for that reason all the nearer to us. We have already rendered a tribute of admiration to Degele. Suffice it to repeat once again that, from every point of view, his Klingsor was a grand performance. I hope there is no more foundation for a rumour current that he will not join in the performances a year hence, than there was in the rumour that Parsifal itself would not be revived. I have ascertained that Parsifal will certainly be played at Bayreuth next summer. Whether we shall then miss certain artists as we have just been obliged to regret the absence of Marianne Brandt is another question.

The orchestra fulfilled its task most admirably, and the chorus attained a higher standard of excellence than heretofore. The chorus of Zauber Mädchen, in particular, leaves no room for criticism. It would seem to consist of solo singers only, and solo singers of no mean order: the clever and charming way in which they acted also requires notice. The general arrangement and grouping of the people of the play is good. In the first and last acts the entrance and exit of knights, youths, and children are well managed. The sight of these children and the way in which they behave is full of prettiness.

I understand that to Herr Heinrich Porges is due the credit of having drilled the Zauber Mädchen into such a state of efficiency. I am glad to have an opportunity of mentioning the fact. But while on this topic, I must say that the dresses, and especially the headresses of the maidens, stand in sore need of improvement; they might surely be made less unsightly. In these dresses, as also in the scenery of the magic flower-garden, red tints predominate excessively. As to the moving scenery, the laws of perspective would be better observed if the middle distances were to travel slower than the foreground, and the background slower than the middle distances—remarks that show how little there really is to find fault with in the getting up of Parsifal. That the performances will be repeated is a matter for congratulation among all who would see the stage advanced to a more serious and lofty sphere than it has occupied in modern times.

When everything had come to an end last night, a scene of great enthusiasm followed. It was not with a view to seeing the curtain lifted that many gave vent to their feelings—it was in recognition of the services of the artists. There were calls for Levy (the Munich conductor), but, nobody responding, after a quarter of an hour's patient and persistent applause, the audience dispersed saying, no doubt, "Au revoir," as well as "Goodbye," to Bayreuth. *Polkato.*

EPISODE.



(Extract from a private letter.)

"What a feeling of awe comes over one when everything is hushed and one sits full of expectation in the dimly-lighted temple. A holy feeling comes over one when the first notes of the sublime 'Gral motive' are heard, coming from the invisible orchestra. . . . The performance is simply perfection in every way. I don't think anything can be put on the stage to compete with it. . . . I went to the grave of the master in the garden behind Wahnfried, Wagner's house. The place is marked with a large flat granite stone, perfectly plain, without any ornament whatever, no name or dates or wreath. Madame Cosima is not and has not been visible to any one since the death of her all—her daughter, Daniela von Bulow, does the honours." MINNIE HAWK.

Mr Jewson, Professor at the Royal Academy of Music, was presented on his birthday with a handsome set of silver salt-cellars, &c. On the case the following inscription was printed in gold letters:—"Presented to F. B. Jewson, Esq., by his grateful Pupils, July 26th, 1883. Misses Chidley, Connell, Drown, Edridge, Ellam, Green, Harrop, Lancelot, Moseley, Shapley, and Turville. Messrs Addison, Powell, Timothy, and Wiggins.—Many happy returns of the day."

CONCERT.

MESSRS SINCLAIR DUNN and ED. BELVILLE gave a concert at the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening, the 28th ult., assisted by Mrs Irene Ware, Misses S. Fenn and Pauline Featherby, Messrs Egbert Roberts, W. H. Montgomery, and Fuller Allen; pianist, Miss Margaret Gyde (Thalberg Scholar, Potter Exhibitioner, &c.) The first part was miscellaneous, and included six songs by the concert-giver (words by S. Dunn; music by Ed. Belville), all of average merit, well rendered by the various artists, Miss Margaret Gyde excelling, as usual, in a Tarantelle by C. Speer, and a *Valse de Concert* by Belville. The second part was entirely taken up with the production, in costume, of a new comic opera, in two acts, entitled *The Three Beggars* (words by S. Dunn; music by Ed. Belville). As it was stated in the programme that the performance was given to secure the copyright, criticism would therefore, be out of place. There is no lack of merit, however, in the work; but we think the Sanctus (solo for organ) should, in future be omitted, as quite superfluous, and, moreover, is certainly out of character with the humours of the opera. The following was the caste:—Lady Pauline Featherstrong, Miss S. Fenn; Rose (her maid), Mrs Irene Ware; Sir Phillip Sydney, Mr Sinclair Dunn; Samson (innkeeper), Mr Fuller Allen; 1st Beggar, Mr W. H. Montgomery; 2nd Beggar, Mr G. A. Bennett; 3rd Beggar, Mr T. Phillips; Watchman and Doctor, Mr Theo. T. Moss; Servants, Mrs Wilson, Misses Bishop and Chapuy, and Mr McLaren.—WETSTAR.

PROVINCIAL.

FERRYSIDE.—On [Monday, July 23rd, the Eisteddfod, under the auspices of the temperance movement, was held at this place under the management of Mr Philips (Eureka House), Mr Goldsmith (Post Office), and others, and passed off satisfactorily, due preparation having been made for some time previous for the accommodation of the audience by the erection of a large canvas covered tent, capable of holding several hundreds; and no accident of any kind occurred to mar the proceedings of the day. The programme consisted of a selection of Welsh and English pieces, the adjudicator being Mr D. Rowlands, of Bankyfelin. The various compositions were well rendered, the most notable being "Hear my cry, O God," the prize awarded to the Llansaint Methodist Chapel choir. For the best rendering of "Comrades in Arms," by a party of twelve voices, the prize was awarded to the Carmarthen Glee Party, conducted by Mr P. D. Lewis, painter, Red Street, Carmarthen. For the Glee "Y cychod ar yr afon," the prize was taken by the Ferryside United Choir. The prize of £5 for the requiem "Wylwn, wylwn," was awarded to the Llanstephan Choir, great praise being given for the manner in which it was likewise rendered by the Ferryside Choir. A metronome was given to the successful conductor, Mr Stephens, of Lan.—Carmarthen Journal, July 27.

LEEDS.—The half-yearly students' concert and award of certificates of honour at Dr Spark's Academy of Music took place on Saturday afternoon, July 28, in the presence of numerous friends. The programme was an unusually good and interesting one. Most of the pieces embraced in it were difficult works by the great masters, and their performance were one and all given in a creditable manner, and with appropriate taste and expression. Special mention may be made of Miss Greenwood's organ playing, Mr Arthur Elvey's performance of Bach's organ Fugue in G minor, and Weber's "Concert-Stuck" for the pianoforte; the singing of Handel's aria, "The enemy said," by Mr W. Fisher Heath; Mr H. G. Jackson's rendering of "Far away where angels dwell," and Mr Northrop's "True till death." Towards the end of the programme the Rev. J. Bewley, M.A., of St Martin's Church (chairman), proceeded to distribute the awards.

ANNA THILLON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Can any reader of your paper, versed in operatic history, tell me whether the once so popular Mdme Thillon, who made her debut among us at the Princess's Theatre, under the direction of the late Mr Maddox, in May, 1844, as the adventurous Catarina, in an English version of Auber's delightful opera, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, is still (as I sincerely hope) in the land of the living, and if so, where she is residing? I shall feel greatly obliged by being informed on the subject through your columns, and am, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. H. H.

July 28, 1883.

'ARRY AT THE ROYAL EVENING FÊTE.

(From Punch.)

DEAR CHARLIE,

You *must* cut the
"turmut" and come up to
Town, my dear boy,
London's gettin' more lummy
each day; there's sech oshuns
to see and enjoy!

And now you can mix with the
toffs—reglar toppers I mean
—on the cheap;—

It's a sin to go wasting your
days amongst chawbacons,
'taters, and sheep.

If you'd only bin with me
larst night! I was "in it,"
old man, and no kid,
As a chap of my form *can* be
in it, if ready to blue arf a
quid.

'Twas the "*Feet* of the Sea-
son," and 'Arry, I tell yer,
old pal, was all there,

With a claw-ammer coat a lar
Masher, stiff collar, and 'igh-
scented 'air.

You'll 'ave 'eard of the
Fisheries, Charlie, the Ken-
sington Show. Well, larst
night,

They'd a *Feet* in them Gardens, old flick, as was somethink too
awfully quite.

Fairy Land not a patch on it, Charlie,—Cremorne reglar out of the
run,

For pootiness, Royal Princesses, swell yum-yum, and general fun.

Ten bob and snap togs took me in, and I chummed with the very
elect,

Which, for what I call "*Haffable Mix*," give me this 'Aughtykul-
tooral *Feet*.

'Twas the Charity lay, doncherknow, and that covers a lot, as a
rule,

But the Fanciest Fair I have bin at, to *this* little game was a fool.

Real jam—in all senses, my boy, for the crush was a caution to
snakes,—

But the lights and the ladies—*such* swells!—coloured lanterns, and
magical lakes!

"Jest like What ho!" a Countess remarked. Not quite fly to 'er
meaning. But lor!

They've their slang, I suppose, these Big Bobs,—jest as *we* say,
"I'll give yer what for!"

Lady Duffering—bully for her, mate!—a pootier parcel who'd wish?—
'Ad a Lucky Fish Pond—with no water—and charged us "a shilling
a fish."

And we hangled with meat-hooks for toys, me and Wales—he's a
brick—on the banks;

Till I guess both our piles of loose silver 'ad gone in "all prizes, no
blanks."

Arter wick, being dry, I made straight for the *boaffy*, and wot do
yer think?

Well, I ain't took aback by a trifle, but, Scissors! it did make me
blink.

When I called for a cocktail, my pippin, I didn't percisely expeck
That the barmaid who ladled my lotion would be—Princess Mary of
Teck!

Arf-a-crown for the tippie was stiff, but *the feeling*, my boy, there's
the nick!

It was wuth all the ochre, I tell yer. I hordered another 'un, quick.
Arter that mere Chineses came cheap, though the Marquis Tseng
serving out tea

Was as funny as figgers on tea-chests; but then, I'm not nuts on
Bohea.

Well, I can't tell you arf on it, Charlie, time, paper, and memory
fails.

The rose-bud enclosed you will value,—'twas bought orf the Princess
of Wales;



Which, if she's not the pick of the basket,—but there, I don't wish
to intrude,—
There are some who're such pure and high-pitched 'uns, that even
to *praise* 'em seems rude.

'Arry fancied hisself, I assure you, 'ob-nobbing along o' *sech* Nobs;
As at home as a cat in a cream-shop. And wy not? They pocket
our bobs—

(Cleared *me* out to a tanner)—they wait on us, finding it well wuth
their while;

And there's many a barmaid in London more 'orty and huppish in
style.

So why should *we* chuck on the bashful? *Sech* Haffable Mixes all
round

Do dollops of good, my dear boy; and they suit *me* right down to
the ground.

Splendid splurge, and no error, this *Feet*,—couldn't do the trick
better in *Parry*,—

And a Duchess to draw him his bitter comes awfully yum-yum to
'ARRY.

REVIEW.

The Modern Organ. By Thomas Casson. (Denbigh: Gee & Son).

Mr Casson commences his pamphlet by saying that "it is evident to all musicians that the universal adoption in this country of the CC organ, in lieu of the old long manual, has been by no means of unmixed benefit to art. This has arisen from the adoption of the CC compass, rather than of the CC principle. That the principle is right is unquestionable—the completeness and convenience of a thoroughly CC organ placing it in advance of all others, but this completeness of development is hardly ever met with. The pecuniary saving effected by shortening the manual compass has generally been devoted to mere multiplication of manual stops; the pedal organ, the completeness and efficiency of which is the glory of the CC principle, being left without any adequate provision, and made to consist of a few stops, of greatly enlarged scale and very hard blown, in order to produce the maximum of noise for the minimum of money. It is not too much to say that, as a rule, the modern English builder has taken away the bass of the long-manual organ without furnishing any equivalent." This is the text with which Mr Casson's *brochure* deals, and as he believes that "the most serious artistic difficulty in the adoption of an adequate pedal organ arises from the fact that no system of control has yet been devised for it," he makes "an attempt to systematize and unite the advantages of the various methods of combination now in use," and furnishes "suggestions for a considerable saving in cost where an adequate pedal organ is desired." Mr Casson's pamphlet, it is obvious, only concerns organ builders, and organists who are students in what may be called the physiology of the instrument. It is a purely technical treatise throughout, and as it is written with a profound knowledge of the subject, and illustrated with large sheet diagrams, it will doubtless command the attention and challenge the criticism of all those especially engaged, or are theoretically interested, in the construction of the "modern organ."

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 28.

1795.

(Continued from page 447.)

A grand selection of sacred music, from the works of Handel, was performed in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the 25th of May, 1795, by command of their Majesties, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. Among the principal singers were, Miss Parke, Miss Leak, Mrs Harrison, Mr Bartleman, and Signora Storace. They all exerted their superior talents with the greatest success; and Sarjant's admirable trumpet accompaniments were honoured with the approbation of his Majesty and all present. Cramer led the band, and Dr. Arnold conducted at the organ. Their Majesties, the Princesses, the Stadtholder of Holland, and the Prince and Princess of Orange, honoured the performance with their presence. The crowd of nobility and gentry completely filled the church.

The following evening I attended a concert at the mansion of the venerable Earl B—. The singers were Mrs Harrison and Signora Storace. The band was led by Cramer, who played a concerto on the violin in the first part: I played one on the oboe in the second. The company were numerous and fashionable, of course, and the old lord evinced as much spirit and activity as if he had been only on

his first legs. This nobleman, who was a witty and cheerful companion, had a son, Lord A—, who was of such a remarkably sedate disposition, that he never drank more than two glasses of wine at a sitting, and invariably retired to rest an hour before midnight. On a particular occasion, while the old earl was entertaining a party of his male friends, and was enjoying their society over the bottle, with much glee, the house clock striking the methodical hour of eleven, the young lord, who was not thirty years old, immediately arose and departed. When his son was out of the room and the door was closed, the earl, who had entered into his eightieth year, drawing his chair nearer to the table, said with great good humour, "Now, boys, fill your glasses, for as the old gentleman is gone to bed, we young ones will pass a pleasant hour or two."

Vauxhall Gardens opened on the 5th of June with a grand gala. The concert consisted of a selection from the great masters, which was aided by the finely executed oboe concerto of the elder Parke.

Covent Garden Theatre commenced as usual for the season in September, and as the houses are not overflowing at that dull part of it, Mr Harris had recourse to novelty, and the first new performer he engaged was Mrs. Serres, who made her first appearance on that stage on the 5th of October, in the character of Rosetta, in the opera of *Love in a Village*. This lady's voice was not sufficiently powerful to fill the theatre, or to enable her to sustain the first line of singing parts. If Mrs. Serres by her singing did not make a great noise in the world, she some years afterwards adopted a most ridiculous mode of accomplishing that object, by assuming the title of Princess of Cumberland, and affirming that she was the legitimate daughter of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland!!!

On the 10th of November was produced, at the same theatre, the musical afterpiece, in two acts, of *The Irish mimic, or blunders at Brighton*, written by O'Keefe: the music by Mr Shield. The principal character in this whimsical production is an Irish adventurer, who travels to Brighton to give vocal imitations of various birds and beasts, in the true Irish style, being quite opposite to nature. This character was admirably performed by Johnstone, who, in a song, gave, amongst others, an imitation of the hog, by singing a delicate affettuoso passage, a response to which, as unlike as possible, was made by me in a brilliant bravura flourish on the oboe; at the end of which Johnstone created great laughter, by saying, "There's a beautiful hog!"

Thomas Linley, Esq., the composer, and joint patentee of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, died at his house in Southampton Street, Covent Garden, on the 19th of November, 1795. As a musician, Mr Linley's superior talent is well known. He did not seek to astonish; but his compositions display the utmost delicacy, simplicity, and nature, as his operas, canzonets, glees, &c., testify. As a singing master, he was almost unrivalled in England: witness the excellence of his daughters, Mrs. Sheridan, the first singer of her time, Miss Mary Linley, afterwards married to — Tickell, Esq., and Miss Maria Linley, who, had she not been prematurely cut off, would probably have equalled her eldest sister, Mrs. Sheridan. Mr Linley was very unfortunate in his domestic life, losing several of his children soon after their superior talents had been happily developed. His eldest son, Mr Thomas Linley, junior, one of the finest violin players in Europe, being with his sister, in the summer of 1788, on a visit at the seat of the Duke of Ancaster at Grimsthorpe in Lincolnshire, a gentleman, also visiting there, proposed one morning to take a sail on the extensive lake which formed one of the ornaments of the domain. This being accepted by Mr. T. Linley, junior, they entered the vessel, which shortly afterwards upset in deep water. The proposer of the excursion clung to the boat, whilst Mr Linley, who was an expert swimmer, made to the shore; but being encumbered with his boots, he sank to rise no more, in sight of several servants of the duke, who had assembled to afford that assistance which saved the life of his terrified companion. Mr Linley suffered much from the premature death of his eldest son, and had scarcely recovered from that affliction when he was doomed to experience another equally severe. Mr. Samuel Linley, his second son, who, though but nineteen years old, had displayed great musical genius by his successful cultivation of the oboe, having, at the invitation of the Honourable Captain Walsingham, his father's intimate friend, abandoned music as a profession, and entered the royal navy as a midshipman, sailed on a short cruise in the Thunderer, of seventy-four guns, commanded by that gallant officer. When the Thunderer had returned to Spithead, Mr S. Linley had leave to visit his family in London, where he was seized with a malignant fever and died; and what is very remarkable, he would not have escaped the dart of the grim tyrant Death had he survived and joined his ship again, for the Thunderer shortly afterwards set sail for a foreign destination, which she never reached, and has not to this day been heard of! Within two years after the death of Mr S. Linley, Miss Maria

Linley, who, as an oratorio singer was the delight of the public, was snatched away at the age of eighteen; and in the year 1792, Mrs. Sheridan, his eldest daughter, died in the prime of life; added to which, Mr Tickell, the husband to his second daughter, in the paroxysm of a brain-fever, threw himself from the top of his house, and was killed on the spot! This combination of misfortunes weighed so heavily on "this man of sorrow," that he was never afterwards seen to smile; or if he did sometimes make an effort, it was like the sun shooting a transient gleam through a dense cloud, which was lost again in an instant. The afflictions of Mr Linley were sufficient perhaps to have produced despair, had he not been supported by a strong mind, and the affectionate attentions of his wife and two surviving sons, Mr Wm. Linley, and the Rev. Mr O. Linley. To the credit of his memory it should be stated, that Mr Linley was so devoid of envy, that he was not only ready to admit the talents of every rival in his art, but to contend for the merits of his contemporaries. In the ordinary relations of life he proved himself an affectionate husband, a tender father, and a man of indisputable probity and honour. His death took place within three years of that of his daughter, Mrs. Sheridan, and he was buried by her side in the cathedral church of Wells.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC AT TAUNTON.

(From a Correspondent.)

There was a very interesting concert on July the 17th, at the annual Speech Day of the Independent College in this town. The selection of music for the evening's programme was due to the taste and research of Mr Thomas J. Dudeney, the excellent professor and conductor who is admitted head of all such proceedings in these parts—and rightly so, inasmuch as whatever he undertakes is for the good of art, and, further, whatever he undertakes is sure to be carried out with the utmost care and completeness. An able musician and composer himself, Mr Dudeney is notorious for his faith in English talent and for the marked way in which he has invariably declared it. Thus, among other interesting things on the present occasion were Sir George Macfarren's fine and healthy English cantata, *Christmas*, and Sterndale Bennett's Pianoforte Concerto in F minor, with the exquisite Barcarolle. The leading singers in the cantata were T. R. Glanvill, B. W. Maynard, and Loveday; the solo performer in the Concerto, R. Sommerville. Both gave unalloyed gratification. There were also other English pieces, including a very charming song with flute *obligato*, "The snow lies white," by Mr Dudeney himself, sung by T. R. Glanvill, and accompanied on the flute by Mr F. J. Cheek, which also gave infinite pleasure. There was, in addition, a good performance of Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 14, by A. Clements, and another of an overture called *Fortunatus* (J. W. Davison—half a century old), by the same in association with R. Sommerville, selections from the *Antigone* of Sophocles, with Mendelssohn's expressive music, and other things of interest were comprised, among the rest being scenes from Molière's *L'Avare* and Coleman's *Heir-at-Law*, together with various recitations. To sum up, the whole entertainment was in the highest degree satisfactory, reflecting credit on all concerned.—F. W. R. (Taunton—July 25.)

THE PILGRIM OF THE DESERT.*

Through sultry sand and red simoom
The pilgrim seeks the Prophet's tomb,
And treads beneath the burning zone
The grave of nature gaunt and lone;
When giant desolation reigns,
And o'er the pale and pathless plains,
Oft—heralds of dismay and death—
The sounds of the sirocco's breath.
The moon is up, and blazing red
Upon the desert's burning bed;
And heav'n above, and earth below,
Are wrapt in one wide furnace glow.
Oh! water—water—now to quell
And quench the heart, consuming hell!
And lakes more lovely never shone
Than those that woo the wand'ers on.

Oh! who can guess 'mid garden
bow'r
The sweetness of the desert flow'r?
Or who that hath not sail'd the sea
Can feel the throb of ecstasy—
The joys with which the heart doth
bless
The green spots of the wilderness?
And soon the panting camel's bell
Is sounding at its blessed well.
On whose green brink the pilgrim
flung,
Cools his baked lips and burning
tongue;
Then rests amid the breezy balm
Beneath the high and hermit palm.

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W. GUERNSEY.

WAIFS.

Miss Josephine Yorke (late of the Carl Rosa Company) has signed an engagement as principal *contralto assoluto* with Colonel Mapleson, for his Patti tour in America.—(Communicated.)

Minnie Hauk has left Marienbad, and is now at Bayreuth.

Mdme Jonesco (Miss Bessie Richards), accompanied by her husband, is on a visit to friends in Derbyshire. Thence she goes to Liverpool on a similar errand. From Liverpool she comes to London to spend a short time preceding her return to Bucharest.

Mr Josiah Pittman is at Castle Craig-y-nos, in South Wales, the guest of Mdme Adelina Patti.

Marcella Sembrich intends settling in Dresden.

Maurel, the baritone, has been stopping at Royat.

A Philharmonic Society has been founded at Seville.

Mdme Marchesi has been taking a holiday at Carlsbad.

Lortzing's *Undine*, has been revived at Kroll's Theater, Berlin.

The Teatro Goldoni, Leghorn, re-opened with Verdi's *Nabucco*.

Tamberlik, with his company, was at Carthage a short time since.

Medea Borelli is engaged by Sig. Merelli for Berlin and Copenhagen.

A musical section is to be added to the Academy of Fine Arts, Madrid.

The Queen of Spain attended the *Parsifal* Performances at Bayreuth.

Mierzewski, the tenor, is engaged for three months in St Petersburg.

Kriehel has resigned his post as *Capellmeister* at the Theatre Royal, Dresden.

A firebrick proscenium wall is being built at the New York Academy of Music.

Ferdinand Wachtel (son of "Postillon" Theodor) is engaged at the Stadttheater, Leipzig.

A new opera, *Gualtiero*, music by Torrens, is in preparation at the Teatro Colon, Buenos Ayres.

An operetta, *La Muleta y la Niña*, music by Rubio and Espino, has proved very successful in Madrid.

F. Marchetti, the so-called operatic composer, was stopping lately in Milan. (Incredible!—Dr Blügel.)

The part of the heroine in Ponchielli's *Gioconda* at the San Carlo, Lisbon, will be sustained by Borghi-Mamo.

A new Mass by Jommi has been performed at the Church del Carmine, Padua. (*Vivat Jommi!*—Dr Blügel.)

Robert Stoeckel is composing the music of a comic opera, *All about a Bonnet*, to be produced this autumn in America.

Léo Delibes is on the banks of the Lake of Geneva composing recitatives to replace the spoken dialogue in his opera, *Lakmé*.

Sarasate, the Spanish violinist supreme, is appointed Honorary Professor of the Violin at the National School of Music, Madrid.

According to the latest accounts from Spain, the tenor, Gayarre, is suffering from nervous prostration, and even thinks of retiring from the stage.

Theodore Thomas commenced a five weeks' season of Summer Night Concerts at the Exposition Building, Chicago, U.S., with an audience of above 3,000 persons.

Jeanne Becker, daughter of the well-known Jean Becker, instructor of the "Florentine Quartet," intends settling as a concert-pianist and teacher of the piano, in Berlin.

"I saw you coming out of a low public house," said the lady severely. "You wouldn't have me stay there for ever, would you?" replied the gentleman. (Excruciating!—Dr Blügel.)

Besides Anton Rubinstein's *Sulamith*, Herr Pollini will produce next season at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, *Colomba* by Mackenzie, and *Der verschleierte Prophet*, (*The veiled Prophet*) by Villiers Stanford.

Mr Barton McGuckin, who has been enjoying a holiday in Scotland previous to joining the Carl Rosa opera troupe, in Dublin, on August 20th, is engaged for the Eisteddfod at Cardiff, which commences on Tuesday next.

The "three hundred guinea" American organ built by Messrs Estey & Co., for the Festival at Bayreuth, has been purchased by Messrs Haynes & Co., musical instrument merchants, of Cecilia Hall, Malvern, for the Rev. E. Ford's new private chapel at his College, Hillside, West Malvern.

Messrs James Nisbet & Co. have recently published *The Bible Psalter*, being the authorized version of the Psalms, pointed for chanting, and with chants adapted thereto, or specially composed for this work by Sir Herbert Oakeley, Mus. Doc., &c., Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, and Composer to Her Majesty in Scotland.

The following violinists will play at concerts next season in Germany and Austro-Hungary: Joachim, Wilhelmj, Lauterbach, Rappoldi, Auer, Hermann, Holländer, Sarasate, Hervégh, Naché, Dengremont, Ondrick, Sauret, Marsick, Musin, Hubay, Isaye, and Grigorovitch. (The late Maurer would have composed for them a "Concertante" in 18 parts so that they might have all played together.—Dr Blügel.)

The directors of the Crystal Palace have arranged with Mr Faulkner Leigh and Mr Richard Temple for a series of twelve operas, commencing Aug. 21st. The following have already been engaged: Mdme Rose Hersee, Miss Emily Parkinson, and Mdme Cave Ashton; Misses Josephine Yorke, Helen Armstrong, and Palmer; Messrs J. W. Turner, Charles Lyall, and Walter Holton; Signor Zoboli, Signor Brenelli, and Mr Faulkner Leigh. Amongst the list of operas to be produced are Benedict's *Graziella* and Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*. These will be placed on the stage for the first time in England. The chorus has been selected from the Royal Italian Opera. The Crystal Palace orchestra will also assist. The operas will be conducted by Mr August Manns.

Welsh names are proverbially Welsh names, as may be gathered from a conversation between a Welsh maiden and an English bachelor at the foot of Snowdon. *English Bachelor*: "What is the name of your little cottage, my dear?" *Welsh Girl*: "Lletylliflyfnwy, sir." *E. B.*: "Are your parents living?" *W. G.*: "Yes, sir; my father works at Chwael Caebraichycafn." *E. B.*: "Any brothers?" *W. G.*: "Three, sir—one at Rhosllanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwynemillanddwye, one between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfechan." *E. B.*: "How many sisters?" *W. G.*: "Two, sir—one with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarneithaf, the other in service at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllgetrobbwllandsiliogogoch." *E. B.*: "Then I will marry you, my pretty maid." *W. G.*: "Not if I know it, sir"—she said. Hence the title of the last-named village, from which the legend of the pretty milkmaid, whose "face was her fortune," derives its name.

DRESDEN.—Otto Brucks, formerly a Royal Prussian Chamber Musician, and for a short time member of the orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, made recently so successful a *début* in Wagner's *Fliegender Holländer*, at the Theatre Royal, that he has been engaged at an annually rising salary for five years.

THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY FÊTE AND CONCERT AT MALVERN.—On Monday the fete and athletic sports took place in Mr McCann's large field at the bottom of Poolend Street, in aid of the Great Western Railway Servants' Widows and Orphans Fund. There is unfortunately a considerable deficiency in this fund, and, following a plan adopted in other parts of the country, the railway servants of Worcester and Malvern organized a fete and sports with a view to lessen this deficiency. The sports were seriously interfered with by unpropitious weather. A grand concert was given in the afternoon at the Royal Malvern Well Spa Hall (kindly lent for the occasion), which passed off with great *éclat*. There was a large and fashionable audience. The principal attraction was the announcement that Mdme Lind-Goldschmidt had consented to appear, together with Mmes E. V. Hall and Fitton, Misses Hilda Wilson, Amy Hare, Walker, Bowyer, E. Bowyer, and Banister; Messrs Otto Goldschmidt, Edward Laris, E. V. Hall, W. Cooper, and E. E. Bowyer. Mdme Lind-Goldschmidt upon her first appearance, in Mendelssohn's trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains" (*Elijah*), received a most enthusiastic welcome. She sang with much of her old sweetness and animation, her voice being remarkably clear and in good tune. Her companions were Misses Hilda Wilson and Mildred Scott Tait. The trio was loudly encored, and a repetition being accorded, the audience was beyond measure delighted. A duet (the "Song of the Birds"), which Mdme Lind-Goldschmidt subsequently sang with Miss Hilda Wilson, was also re-demanded, and, to the satisfaction of all, a couple of verses were repeated. The concert was a real success.—*Malvern News*, July 28.

At the meeting of the Middlesex magistrates, at which Captain Morley was re-elected chairman, the committee appointed to consider the subject of the appointment of paid inspectors of music-halls sent in its report. While not prepared to urge the promotion of a bill by the court for the purpose of obtaining the necessary powers, the committee suggests that advantage might be taken of the introduction of any private bill into the House to insert clauses giving the court these powers. The music-hall proprietors complain of the inconvenience they suffer from unexpected opposition to the renewal of licences. The committee considers this complaint well grounded, and asks for powers to consider and report whether any and what alterations are desirable in the standing orders of the court relating to music and dancing licences. The report was adopted.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The prizes and certificates gained in the recent examination of the pupils of this Academy were distributed on Saturday at the institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, by Mrs Ellicott, who was accompanied by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. Prior to the distribution, the Principal of the Academy (Professor Sir G. A. Macfarren) addressed the assemblage, and in the course of his remarks observed that that was the sixty-first year of the Academy, and those who were present would be glad to hear that its prosperity continued. This was the more remarkable because during recent years in the heart of the City of London, and in all the surrounding suburbs, other musical schools had sprung up, all of which, to a certain extent, owed in the first instance the means of instruction which they imparted to education received in that Academy. In all of those schools of which he had heard, with the exception of only two, their principals had been reared in that Academy, as scions of which they had continued to carry on, in the world at large, the good work done in that old institution. That day was the crown of a year's serious preparation, and of more than a month's most searching and anxious examination. It was highly satisfactory to be able to report that the standard by which the pupils had been judged had from year to year been made higher and higher in all the departments, and that this year in each department of the Academy it was the record of the examining board that the pupils had presented a higher average than in any former year. After urging those pupils who on the present occasion had been less successful than their companions not to be discouraged, and reminding them that at any rate they had gained the prize of their own improvement, he proceeded to describe the nature of the awards, observing with regard to the memorial prizes that they had been endowed, some by the personal gift of those whose names they bore and others by subscriptions. He afterwards expressed the thanks they were all under to the examiners, the professorial staff of the Academy, and to those who had endowed the memorial prizes and established free scholarships. Mrs Ellicott then distributed the prizes and certificates, and at the close of the ceremony received a hearty vote of thanks. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, in acknowledging the vote, alluded to the signal advance which has been made during the past twenty years in the art of music, and said he could not but attribute it to the steady and persistent work of a great centre of music, such as that institution. They all knew that the Royal Family was deeply interested in making England, in face of the world, a really musical nation, and there were many signs of the attainment of success. He could personally testify to the growing appreciation of music, both in the upper and lower classes.—*Observer.*

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